



A NEW SONG ON THE GENERAL TAXATION OF OUR DAY,

Come neighbours draw near till I tell you a tale
And yon'll hear of the laws they invented of late
They are taxing the dogs that we had on our floor
That were use'ul sagacious obedient and bold

They are taxing the mastive for watching the shelves
That would mind all our means while ourselves we e aslee,
They are taxing poor tiger both bager and bounce
They are tied with a leg and they muzzle their mouth

They are taxing the bull dogs for minding the stalls
And they are taxing the hutchers for killing the calves
They are taxing the sailors the smith and his forge
And they are taxing the fowler for shooting th c ows

They are taxing the terrier for killing the rats
And thy'll try double tax on the claws of the cat
They are taxing poor reynard for eatin: a goose
He pay for the roast when the hounds are let loose

They are taxing the greyhound for hunting the hare
And they are taxing pointer for setting the game
They are taxing the Indieu the tralu and the steam
And they lay double tax on the whiskey skilleen

They are taxing the dogs that are leading the blind
That cannot discern the day from the night
They are taxing the teper for drinking a dram
They'll fine him a crown or they'll send him to gaol

They are taxing the millers th bakers and bressd
And their taking the graves where we bury the dead
They are taxing the butter the milk and the Cheese
And they ll tax all the nails on our hands and our feet

They are taxing the farmers that cultivate the gronnnd
That is feeding the world the Queen and the Crown
They arc taxing the mason his hammer and trowel
And the labouring man that has sweat on his brow

They are taxing the tobacco that's whol some to smoke
And they are taxing the snuff that vwould vvarm our nose
They are taxiu the vwhiskey the porter and Ale
And they'll tax the old vwomen for drinking their tea

They are taxing the Captain the ship and her crevv
And they'r taxing the tink'r his budget and tools
They'r taxing the weaver his skittle and looms
And they'r taking the tailor his thimble and goose

The'r taxing the drapers their goods and their shop
And thy'r taxing the dealer for carrying a pack
They'll tax the mu-tach the clever it g'ew
And they'll the young ladies for weasing the hoops

They are taxing the kettle the poker and tongs
They are taxing the donkey for wearing a cross
They are taxing the salmon that runs through the strem
And they are taxin the parts thats surrounding the sea

They'r taxing the tommies and six-penny shirts
And the hal-penny collar that's neatly made up
They are taxing the fairs where the cattle are sold
And they'll tax the young men if the girls they court